wasn't allowed to any but very, very near relations, who-" "Right, you are quite right, my lady, perfeetly right; but there aren't any nearer relatives than relatives by usurpation. We cannot avoid it; we are slaves of aristocratic

The hatchments were nunecessarily generous, each being as large as a blanket, and they were unnecessarily volcanic, too, as to variety and violence of color, but they pleased the Earl's barbaric eye, and they satisfied his taste for symmetry and com-pleteness, too, for they left no waste room to speak of on the house front.

Lady Rossmore and her daughter assisted at the sitting up till pear midnight, and helped the gentlemen to consider what ought to be done next with the remains. Rossmore thought they ought to be sent home—with a committee and resolutions— at once. But the wife was doubtful. She

"Would you send all of the baskets?" "Oh, yes; all."
"All at once?"

"To his father? Oh, no; by no means

Think of the shock. No, one at a time; break it to him by degrees." "Would that have that effect, father?" "Yes, my daughter. Remember, you are young and elastic, but he is old. To send him the whole at once might well be more than he could bear. But mitigated, one basket at a time, with restful intervals be tween them, he would be used to it by the time he got all of them. And sending him in three ships is safer, anyway, on account

of wrecks and storms."
"I don't like the idea, father. If I were his father it would be dreadful to have him eoming in that—that—"
"On the installment," plan," suggested
Hawkins, gravely, and proud of being able

to help. "Yes-dreadful to have him coming in that incoherent way. There would be the strain of suspense upon me all the time. To have so depressing a thing as a funeral im-pending, delayed, waiting, unaccom-plished..."

"Oh, no, my child," said the Earl, reassuringly, "there would be nothing of that kind; so old a gentleman could not endure a long-drawn suspense like that. There will be three funerals.

Lady Rossmore looked up in surprise, and How is that going to make it easier for him? It's a total mistake, to my mind. He ought to be buried all at once; I'm sure of

"I should think so, too," said Hawkins.
"And certainly I should," said the

"You are all wrong," said the Earl. "You will see it yourselves, if you think. Only one of those baskets has got him in it."
"Very well, then," said Lady Rossmore, "the thing is perfectly simple—bury that "Certainly," said Lady Gwendolen.

"But it is not simple," said the Earl, because we do not know which basket he is in. We know he is one of them, but that is all we do know. You see now, I reckon, that I was right; it takes three funerals; there is no other way." And three graves and three monuments

and three inscriptions?" asked the daughter. Well-yes-to do it right. That is what I should do."
"It could not be done so, father. Each of

the inscriptions would give the same name and the same facts and say he was under each and all of these monuments, and that would not answer at all."

The Earl nestled uncomfortably in his No," he said, "that is an objection.

That is a serious objection. I see no way There was a general silence for a while. Then Hawkins said:
"It seems to me that if we mixed the three ramifications together-

The Earl grasped him by the hand and shook it grasefully.
"It solves the whole promlem," he said. "One ship, one funeral, one grave, one monument—it is admirably conceived. It does you henor, Major Hawkins, it has reliaved me of a most painful embarrassment stricken, old father much suffering.

"When?" asked the wife. "To-merrow-immediately, of course."
"I would wait, Mulberry."

"You don't want to break that childless old man's heart."
"God knows I don't!"

"Then wait till he sends for his son's remains. If you do that you will never have to give him the last and shapest pain a parent can know-I mean the certainty that his son is dead. For he will never "Why won't be?"

"Because to send-and find out the truth -would rob him of the one precious thing left him, the uncertainty, the dim hope that maybe, after all, his boy escaped, and he will see him again some day." Why, Polly, the'll know by the papers

that he was burnt up."
"He won't let himself believe the papera. He'll argue against anything and every-thing that proves his con is dead, and he will keep that up and live on it, and on nothing else, till he dies. But if the remains should actually come, and be put before that poor old dim-hoping soul-"Oh, my God, they never shall! Polly, you've saved me from a crime, and I'll bless

you for it always. Now we know what to We'll place them reverently away, and he shall never know.

CHAPTER X.

The young Lord Berkeley, with the fresh air of freedom in his nostrils, was feeling invincibly strong for his new career; and vet-and yet-if the fight should prove a very, very hard one at first, very discouraging, very taxing on untoughened moral sinews, he might in some weak moment want to retreat. Not likely, of course, but possibly that might happen. And so, on the whole, it might be pardonable caution to burn his bridges behind him. Oh, without doubt. He must not stop with advertising for the owner of that money, but must put it where he could not borrow from it himself meantime, under stress of circum-stances. So he went downtown and put in his advertisement, then went to a bank and led in the \$500 for deposit.

"What name?" He hesitated and colored a little; he bad forgotten to make a selection. He now ight out the first one that suggested "Howard Tracy."

When he was gone the clerks, marveling,

"The cowboy blushed." The first step was accomplished. The money was still under his command and at his disposal, but the next step would dishis disposal, but the next step would dis-pose of that difficulty. He went to another bank and drew upon the first bank for the \$500 by check. The money was collected and deposited a second time to the credit of the moment one reflects that he is himsel

of perfect courage, saving:
"No help for me now, for henceforth I couldn't draw that money without identification, and that has become legally impossi-ble. No resources to full back on, It is work or starve from now to the end. I am ready and not afraid!"

Then he sent this cablegram to his rather: "Escaped unburt from burning hotel. Have taken fictitious name. Goodby." During the evening, while he was wandering about in one of the outlying districts of the city, he came across a small brick church, with a bill posted there with these

words printed on it:
"Mechanics' Club debate. All invited." He saw people, apparently mainly of the working class, entering the place and he 'ittle church, quite bare as to ornamen-n. It had painted pews without cush-

ions, and no pulpit, properly speaking, but it had a platform. On the platform sat the chairman, and by his side sat a man who held a manuscript in his hand, and had the waiting look of one who is going to perform the principal part. The church was soon folled with societaed orderly contraction. filled with a quiet and orderly congregation of decently dressed and modest people. of decently

This is what the chairman said:
"The essayist for this evening is an old member of our club whom you all know, Mr. Parker assistant editor of the Daily Democrat. The subject of the essay is the "American Press," and he will use as his text a couple of paragraphs taken from Mr. Matthew Arnold's new book. He asks me to read these texts for him. The first is as follows:

Goethe says somewhere that "the thrill of awe," that is to say, reverence, is the best thing humanity has. Mr. Arnold's other paragraph is as fol-

I should say that if one were searching for the best means to efface and kill in a whole nation the discipline of respect, one could not do better than take the American news-

Mr. Parker rose and bowed, and was received with warm applause. He then began to read in a good, round, resonant voice, with clear enunciation and careful attention to his pauses and emphases. His points were received with approval as he went on. The essayist took the position that the most important function of a public journal in any country was the propagating of na-tional feeling and pride in the national



At the Workingmen's Meeting. name—the keeping the people "In love with their country and its institutions, and

shielded from the allurements of alien and inimical systems." He sketched the manner in which the reverent Turkish or Rus-sian fulfilled this function—the one assisted by the prevalent "discipline of respect" for the bastimado, the other for Siberia. Continuing, he said: The chief function of an English journal is The chief function of an English journal is that of all other journals the world over; it must keep the public eye fixed admiringly upon certain things, and keep it diligently diverted from certain others. For instance it must keep the public eye fixed admiringly upon the glories of England, a processional splendor stretching its receding line down the hazy vistas of time, with the mellowed lights of 1,000 years glinting from its hanners; and it must keep it diligently diverted from the fact that all these glories were for the enrichment and aggrandizement of the pet-

the fact that all these glories were for the enrichment and aggrandizement of the pet ted and privileged iew, at cost of the blood and sweat and poverty of the unconsidered masses who achieved them but might not enter in and partake of them. It must keep the public eye fixed in loving and awful reverence upon the throne as a sacred thing, and diligently divert it from the fact that no a throne was ever set up to the unhampered vote of a majority of any nation, and that hence no throne exists that has a right to exist, and no symbol offic, flying from any flagstaff, is righteously entitled to wear any device but the skull and crossbones of that kindred industry which differs from royalty only business-wise—merely as retail differs from wholesale. It must keep the citizen's eye fixed in reverent docility upon that curious invention of machine politics, an established church, and upon that baid contradiction of common justice, a hereditary nobility, and diligently divert it from the fact that the one damns him if he doesn't wear its collar, and robs him under the fact that the one damns him if he doesn't wear its collar, and robs him under the gentle name of taxation whether he wears it or not, and the other gets all the honors while he does all the work.

The essayist thought that Mr. Arnold, sarichment and aggrandizement of the pet-

The essayist thought that Mr. Arnold, with his trained eye and intelligent observa-tion, ought to have perceived that the very quality which he so regretfully missed from our press—respectfulness, reverence—was exactly the thing which would make our press useless to us if it had it—rob it of the very thing which differentiates it from all other journalism in the world, and makes it distinctively and preciously American, its frank and cheerful irreverence being by all odds the most valuable of all its qualities. "For its mission—overlooked by Mr. Ar-nold—is to stand guard over a nation's liberties, not its humbugs and shams." He thought that if during 50 years the institu-tions of the Old World could be exposed to the fire of a flaunting and scoffing press like ours, "monarchy and its attendant crimes would disappear from Christendom." Monarchists might doubt this; then "why not

persuade the Czar to give it a trial in Rus

Concluding, he said: Concluding, he said:

Well, the charge is, that our press has but little of that Old World quality, reverence. Let us be candidly grateful that it is so. With its limited reverence it at least reveres the things which this nation reveres, as a rule, and that is sufficient; what other people revere is fairly and properly matter of light importance to us. Our press does not reverence kings, it does not reverence so-called nobilities, it does not reverence established ecclesiastical slaveries, it does not reverence inws which rob a younger son to fatten an elder one, it does not reverence any fraud or sham or in lanuy, howsever old reverence any sentent rots a younger son to fatten an elder one, it does not reverence any fraud or sham or in anny, howsoever old or rotten or holy, which sets one citizen above his neighbor by accident of birth; it does not reverence any law or custom, how soever old or decayed or sacred, which shuts against the best man in the land the best place in the land, and the divine right to prove property and go up and occupy it. In the sense of the poet Goethe—that meek idoiator of provincial three-carat royalty and noblity—our press is certainly bankrupt in the "thrill of awe"—otherwise reverence; reverence for nickel plate and brummagem. Let us sincerely hope that this fact will remain a fact forever; for, to my mind, a discriminating irreverence is the creator and protector of human liberty—even as the other thing is the creator, nurse and steadfast protector of all forms of human slavery, bodily and mental.

Tracy said to himself, almost shouted to

Tracy said to himself, almost shouted to himself, "I'm glad I came to this country. I was right. I was right to seek out a land where such healthy principles and theories are in men's hearts and minds. Think of the innumerable slaveries imposed by misplaced reverence! How well he brought that out, and how true it is. There's manifestly predictions force in a prediction of the series of the s festly prodigious force in reverence. If you can get a man to reverence your ideals, he's your slave. Oh, yes, in all the ages the people of Europe have been diligently taught to avoid reasoning about the shams of monarchy and nobility, been taught to avoid examining them, been taught to avoid examining them, been taught to reverence amining them, been taught to reverence them, and now as a natural result to rever-For ages any expression of so-called irrever-ence from their lips has been sin and crime. The sham and swindle of all this is apparent Howard Tracy. He was asked to leave a few samples of his signature, which he did. Then he went away, once more proud and not. Come, I hadn't thought of that before, but it is true, absolutely true. What right has Goethe, what right has Arnold, what right has any dictionary to define the word irreverence for me? What their ideals are is nothing to me. So long as I reverence my own ideals my whole duty is done, and I commit no profanation if I laugh at theirs. I may scoff at other people's ideals as much as I want to. It is my right and my privi-

lege. No man has any right to deny it."

Tracy was expecting to hear the essay debated, but this did not happen. The chairman said, by way of explanation:
"I would say, for the information of the strangers present here, that in accordance with our custom, the subject of this meeting will be debated at the next meeting of customed to speaking. We are obliged write down what we desire to say."

Many brief papers were now read, and several off-hand speeches made in discussion of the essay read at the last meeting of the club, which had been a laudation by some visiting professor of college culture, and the grand results flowing from it to the nation. One of the weeks was read by a way the grand results flowing from it to the na-tion. One of the papers was read by a man approaching middle age, who said he hadn't had a college education, that he had got his education in a printing office, and had grad-uated from there into the patent office, where he had been a clerk now for a great many years. Then he continued to this effect:

many years. Then he continued to this effect:

The essayist contrasted the America of to-day with the America of bygone times, and certainly the result is the exhibition of a mighty progress. But I think he a little overrated the college-culture share in the production of that result. It can no doubt be easily shown that the colleges have contributed the intellectual part of this progress, and that that part is vast but that the material progress has been immeasurably vaster I think you will concede. Now I have the been looking over a list of inventors—creators of this amazing material development—and I find that they were not college-bred men. Of course, there are exceptions—like Prof. Henry, of Princeton, the inventor of Mr. Morse's system of telegraphy—but these exceptions are few. It is not overstatement to say that the imagination-stunning material development of this country, the only century worth living in since time itself was invented, is the creation of men not college-bred. We think we see only the visible vast frontage of their work; behind it is their far vaster work, and it is invisible to the careless glance. They have reconstructed this nation—made it over, that is—and metaphorically speaking, have multiplied its numbers almost beyond the power of figures to express. I will explain what I mean. What constitutes the population of a land? Merely the numerable packages of meat and bones in it called by courtesy men and women? Shall a million ounces of brassand a million ounces of pold be held to be of the same value? Take a truer standard—the measure of a man's contributing capacity to his time and his people—the work he can do—and then number the population of this country to-day, as multiplied by what a man can do now, more than his grandfather could do. By this standard of measurement this nation, two or three generations ago. consisted of mere cripples, paralytics, dead men as command with the men of to-day.

could do. By this standard of measurement this nation, two or three generations ago, consisted of mere cripples, paralytes, dead men, as compared with the men of to-day. In 1840 our population was 17,000,000. By way of rude, but striking illustration let us consider, for argument's sake that four of these millions consisted of aged people, little children and other incapables, and that the remaining 13,000,000 were divided and employed as follows:

Ginners of cotton. 2,000,000

Ginners of cotton...... Stocking knitters (women)...

Weavers. 1,000,000

Now the deductions which I am going to gant, but they are not. I take them from miscellaneous documents No. 50, second season Forty-fith Congress, and they are official and trustworthy. To-day the work of those 2,000,000 cotton ginners is done by 2,000 men; that of the 6,000,000 stocking knitters is done by 3,000 boys; that of the 2,000,000 thread spinners is done by 1,000 girls; that of the 500,000 screw makers is done by 500 girls; that of the 40,000 reapers, binders, etc., is done by 4,000 boys; that of the 1,000,000 corn shellers is done by 1,500 men; that of the 40,000 reapers, binders, etc., is done by 1,000 stichers of shoe soles is done by six men. To bunch the figures, 17,000 nersons to do to the follow of the figures, 17,000 nersons to do it. Now then, how many of that ignorant necessary to day do the above work, whereas 50 years ago it would have taken is 000,000 of persons to do it. Now then, how many of that ignorant nethods, would take to do our work to-day. It would take to do our work to-day the same population of this republic, and it numbers 40, our work to-day the same population of this republic, and it numbers 40, our work to-day the same population of this republic, and it numbers 40, out the same population of the globe. You look around you and see a nation of 60,000,000-apparant work to-day to the same population of the globe. You look around you and see a nation of 60,000,000-apparant work to-day to the same population of the globe. You look around you and se

HOW TO MAKE BREAD Formula From Mrs. Ewing Known S

Well to Chautauqua Devotees. (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) After 20 years' practical experience in

handling dough, I have no hesitancy in saying that for making bread of the choicest quality-bread that is sweet, nutty-flavored and nutritious—there is no simpler, easier or better method than the one I follow This is the formula: To each pint of lukewarm wetting, composed of sweet milk and water mixed in

equal proportions, I add half a teaspoonful of salt and a half-ounce cake of some reliable compressed yeast, thoroughly dissolved in a little cold water, and stir in flour with wooden spoon until a dough is formed of sufficient consistency to be lifted in a mass from the mixing bowl to the molding board, where I work in flour until it be-comes smooth and clastic and ceases to stick to the fingers or the molding board. I then put the dough into a warm, well greased carthern bowl, brush lightly with melted butter, cover with a bread towel and blanket, and set to rise for three hours, or until light, when I form it into loaves or rolls, put in greased pans, brush and cover as before and set to rise for an hour, or until

Put these loaves in an over whose temperature is about 380°, or in which a spoon ful of flour will brown picely in two minutes, and when thoroughly baked take them from the oven, remove from the pans, and place in such position as will expose the greatest amount of surface to the fresh air and al-low any gas or steam that may be in them to escape, and thus prevent their sweating and becoming soft.

Dough that is made with good flour and

yeast and mixed and kept at a temperature of 750—which is the correct temperature for perfect bread making—will almost invari-ably become light in a mass in three hours loaves in one hour after being set to rise the second time; and will usually be ready to bake in four hours from the time the yeast is mixed with the flour. A loaf of bread weighing from a pound and a quarter to a pound and a half, to be thoroughly baked, requires to remain in the oven when at the pound and a half, to be thoroughly baked, requires to remain in the oven when at the proper temperature from 45 to 60 minutes.

I never use sugar or grease in bread, as they both detract from the quality and flavor, but people who persist in having their bread and rolls "shortened" with butter or lard, stated approximately, as one measure of wetting and three and one-half or three and three-quarters measures of flour, and a pint of wetting, which weighs a pound, is usually sufficient to make dough enough for two loaves of bread that will weigh from a pound and a quarter to a weigh from a pound and a quarter to a round and a half each, according to the brand of flour used. EMMA P. EWING.

GOING DOWN ON A REEL

Pocket Fire Escape That May Suit People With Lots of Nerve.

A fire escape, which is said to justify the faith of those who have had the courage to test it, consists of a metallic tape a quarter of an inch wide, and a thirty-second of an inch thick, running on a steel reel which is fastened to a web belt that passes around the waist. The reel is provided with a brake, whereby the person using it can control the speed of his descent. There is also an automatic brake to keep the required tension on the tape, and thus prevent a sud-

den drop.

The end of the tape is provided with ing will be debated at the next meeting of the club. This is in order to enable our members to prepare what they may wish to say upon the subject with pen and paper, for we are mainly mechanics, and not action to any object in the room. The device is in appearance like a fisherman's reel, and is about twice the size of a spool of thread.

Changes in the Thrones of Europe a

A RUSSIAN MIGHT RULE ENGLAND. Schleswig-Holstein Might Be Reinstated

Lot of Deaths Would Bring.

Should Wilhelm Die.

AUSTRIA HAS TWO VERY BAD HEIRS



HE death Prince Albert Victor of Wales invests the question of succession to the English crown, and, incident ally, that of the heirship to the various monarchies of Europe with an un precedente interest Sailor

Princes have always been popular in England, the maritime traditions of the country favoring the cultivation of such a sentiment The late Prince Albert Victor developed early a fancy for a career of arms. Equally decided was the desire of Prince George to adopt a sailor's life. Each had his way, but the sailor's choice was sufficient to insure him the greater popularity.

At the age of 14 years Prince George, ac ompanied by his elder brother, started on



He is now 23 and would be eligible to wield the scepter of the Guelphs should the as-sumption of that exalted station at any moment devolve upon him. Should Prince George meet with his brother's untimely fate there is no contingent danger to be ap prehended to the Hanoverian succession Were he also to die, his father, the Prince of Wales, could be directly succeeded by his daughter, the Duchess of Fife. Upon the failure of this her two younger sisters

could either of them follow. A Russian on England's Throne Next in the line of succession is the Duke of Edinburgh and his children. As he is married to a Russian princess, sister of the Czar, if fate should decree that any one of his children comes to the throne the curi-ous spectacle might one day be presented of an English King or Queen, as the case might be, half Briton and half Romanoff

defending India against the hordes of the



The Courewitch of Russi

the eyes of many of the English nobility. he preferable to the succession of the Duchess of Fife, an event that would make her husband Prince Consort, because the peers of England could never become recon-ciled so the political and social influence which would thus be wielded by the Duff which would thus be wielded by the Duff family, coupled with the probable invasion of the precincts of the English court by an entire clan of canny Caledonian retainers, who, to use the words of Labouchere, "would afford Londoners the pleasure of watching a host of Scotch Presbyterians hopping around with bare legs."

Prince Imperial of Germany. Friedrich Wilhelm Victor August Ernst von Hohenzollern, Prince Imperial of Ger many, was born May 6, 1882, and is, there fore, now nearly 10 years old. He and his younger brother, Eitel-Fritz, are two of the most remarkable specimens of Teutonic in-fantile sturdiness that can be found in the length and breadth of the Fatherland.

It would be hard to say which is the more popular with the masses, both being cunning, playful little fellows, and as democratic as their parents and tutors will allow them to be. When they are sent out for an airing in the park at Pottsdam, the two royal youngsters are very affable to the by-standers and seize every opportunity that presents itself of inviting juvenile onlooker to join in their innocent diversions. I well remember when in Pottsdam two or three years ago enjoying the sight of these little scions of the imperial house romping unre-strainedly over the greensward with the children of the local bourgeois residents, totally oblivious of the fact that so deep social chasm separated them.

The Empress of the Empire. Prince Wilhelm and his ever growing army of brothers and sisters owe their robusiness entirely to their mother, a thorough type of the German housewife—a large blonde with a tendency to obesity. She is the daughter of that poor little Prince of Augustenburg, on whose pretensions to the

ducal throne of Schleswig-Holstein Prussia and Austria, in 1864, put an abrupt quietus by invading the Duchies and finally annex-The Question That He Asked Arose

by invading the Duchies and many aniexing them. To compensate the unfortunate
princelet for this blow to his aspirations,
the old Emperor Wilhelm, subsequently arranged a match between the former's daughter and his own grandson. There are some
wiseacres who claim to know that the present Empress of Germany has not forgiven Prussia for the effacement of the Augustenburg family as a reigning house, and that if a son of her's should some day become Em-



Prince Wilhelm of Germany

peror she will use her influence to bring bout the re-establishment of the ducal

dynasty in the two provinces.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, eldest son of The Grand Duke Nicholas, eldest son of Alexander III. and Czarewitch of the great north land, will one day, if all goes well, be the autocrat of All the Russias. His comparatively recent cruise around the world, during which the notable incident near Yokohama occurred, when he was attacked by the fanatic Japanese policeman and narrowly escaped death at the hands of the latter is still fresh in the recollection. the latter, is still fresh in the recollection

of most people.

Like his father, the Czarewitch has always evinced a strong attachment for his mother's home at Fredensborg, near Copen-hagen. It was there that Alexander woodd hsgen. It was there that Alexander wooed and won his bride, the sister of the Priness of Wales and aunt of Prince George of England. She had been previously engaged to his elder brother Nicholas, heir to the throne, but the sudden death of that unfortunate young man in Nice abruptly terminated their courtship. One is here prompted to ask the question whether Prince George of England will follow the Czar's example and wed his brother's bereaved finnces.

The Czar Is a Great Wrestler. Some of the Czarewitch's happiest hours are passed at the Castle of Fredensborg. The are passed at the Castle of Fredensborg. The present Czar, who is known to be a man of superhuman strength, also loves no place better. When there he unbends his austere and guarded demeanor, and, free from apprehension of bombs and Nihilists, engages in friendly jousts with his brother-in-law and his sons, none of whom has ever succeeded in throwing him in a wrestling match. The Czarewitch was born May 6, 1889, and is six years past the limit of the legal age for accession to the throne. The law of Russia provides that the eldest son of the Emperor shall attain his majority at 16. Should any untoward event interfere with his tenure of life he has several younger brothers to step into his place. orothers to step into his place.
A strange story of Prince Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria, whose suicidal act threw the presumptive succession to the crown



into the lap of his cousin, Francis Ferdinand Charles Louis Mary of Este, will not soon be forgotten. The latter is considered a characteriess, insignificant personage. He is one of those men who seem to combine in their own personality all the inferior qualities of their race without any of the redeeming ones.

The Succession in Italy.

Italy is more fortunate in the possess of an heir apparent who has already gained for himself the respect of foreign nations and the confidence of his own people. The and the confidence of his own people. The kingdom created more than a quarter of a century ago by the statesman-like genius of Count Cavour, aided and furthered by the kingly qualities of his royal master, Victor Emmanuel, will gain no unworthy ruler when, in the course of events, the grandson of that monarch is called to the throne. It was neither Mazzini nor Garibaldi who laid the foundations of Italian unity. Sardinia supplied the nucleus of the present kingdom. Thereproval sway was based upon the truest and surest foundation—a people's will—and when the good time arrived which made it possible for Italy to become a united nation the monarchy of Piedmont was extended over the entire land amid the acclamation of a people.

was extended over the entire land amid the acclamation of a people.

Physically and mentally Victor Emmanuel Ferdinand Maria Genaro, Prince of Naples, is worthy of his station and bids fair to eclipse the traditions of his house. He is master of several languages, and additions of the national poet Dante have been dedicated to him. Widely traveled and characterized to him. Widely traveled and characterized by all the broadness of vision which travel produces in a man of parts, this Prince is universally respected and beloved. His person is handsome and his presence commanding, he having inherited all the grace and beauty of his mother, the lovely Princess Margherita, of the House of Savoy.

Brother of the Princess of Wales Prince Frederick of Denmark, son of King Wales, is heir to the throne of that country

Wales, is heir to the throne of that country. He is no longer young, having been born June 3, 1843. By his wife, Princess Louisa, daughter of King Carl XV of Sweden, he has a son 22 years old, who will succeed in the event of his fathers death.

The United Kingdom of Sweden and Norway, now ruled by King Oscar II, has for its heir apparent Prince Gustav Adolph, Duke of Scanla, who was born November II, 1882. He is the great grandson of Napoleon I's great general, Marshal Bernadotte.

The failure of issue to the marriage of King Charles of Roumania and Carmen Sylva necessitated the selection of an heir to the throne. The King's Ministers fixed



upon Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, whose recent love affair with the Queen of Ronmania's maid of honor, Mile. Vacaresco, decided the Ministers to recommend her dismissal, which, after much negotiation, was consented to by her royal mistress. It has since been rumored that Ferdinand has become reconciled to Vacaresco and that the affair is by no means "off."

Beigium recently lost her heir apparent in the person of Prince Baldwin, son of the Count of Flanders and nephew of King Leo pold. The dead youth's younger brotherhowever, has stepped into his shoes. Both Holland and Spain, having infant monarchs, are practically without heirs apparent, although many candidates would present themselves should either Queen Wilhelmina or King Alfonso pass to the great majority. Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria

From His Disappointment

AN EXPERIENCE EVERY MAN HAS.

How the Teacher of Galilee Answered by Means of Good Works.

THE CREDENTIALS OF CHRISTIANITY

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are oleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." Jesus, when He said that, stood face to face with two of the worst miseries of humanity-misery of mind and misery of body. On the one hand was a group of men who had asked a question, a crucial ques-tion. "Art Thou He that should come?" they wanted to know, "or do we look for

You'see how that question touches the foundation of Christianity. The supreme fact that differences the Christian religion from all the other religions of history is the fact of the life and character of Jesus. The essential assertion of Christianity is the assertion that Jesus of Nazareth is indeed He that should come, and that we need look for no other. That question set a doubt upon the central article of the Christian creed. These men were unbelievers.

On the other hand was a considerable company of people, some of them blind, some of them lame, some lepers, some deaf, some mourning the dead, all of them probably, poor. These people represented pain and poverty.

Two Great Problems of the Day.

the problem of poverty. These two great questions, like the enigma of the sphynx, demand solution. And we must somehous answer them, or pay a fearful penalty. Doubt threatens the Church, poverty Doubt threatens the Church, poverty threatens the State. Jesus Christ stood face to face with both of the problems, and answered them in the words that I have

quoted.

The unbelief, in this instance, came from John the Baptist. These doubters were messengers of his, and that great question was his question. Even the forerunner had fallen from the faith. Much of this unbelief of John's was due, no doubt, to physical conditions. John was in prison. He was shut up in a black fortress of Herod's over in Moab, on the borders of the Dead Sea. That imprisonment itself, John felt naturally enough, meant the real end of all naturally enough, meant the real end of all his work. Those great walls which shut out the sun and the sky, stood straight across the path of the prophet's future.
Thus far was he to go, and no farther.
Jesus was to increase, and he was to decrease—John had already accepted that. But this meant failure.

The Cause of St. John's Doubt, It seemed, no doubt, to John, as it seemed in the old days to Elijah, that his life had been in vain. And he wondered, perhaps, if it had not all been a tragic mistake even from the beginning. Had he, after all, been the forerunner of the Messiah? This man of Neverth was He really the Holy man of Nazareth, was He really the Holy One of Israel? Was He the Christ, or do

one of Israel? Was He the Christ, or do we look for another?
And all that depression was deepened by John's bodily weakness. No man resorted to that frowning prison for his health. Whoever was shut up in one of those damp cells lost more than liberty; he lost health with it. The chances are that John was sick. That was the beginning of it. His body was out of order and that set his body was out of order and that set his sick. That was the beginning of it. His body was out of order, and that set his mind out of order. First disease, then depression, and then doubt. Almost everybody knows how that is. A great deal of unbelief is not the real voice of the man. We are greatly troubled, we are in a morbid weak condition of body, and we seem of pain and poverty. Jesus Christ, standing between these two great problems of our the other way. to be getting every day farther away from God; the sky gets black over our heads, prayer becomes only a formality, and faith seems to be dying. But the real trouble is that we are not ourselves. We are like one of those blind people who stood that day by the side of Jesus and could not see His face. He was there, and God's beautiful bright world was there also, but these men

were blind. Pretty soon they got better, and saw clearly. Faith Dependent Upon Health, What we need when we fall into this kind of unbelief is not the parson but the doctor. It is not theology we need, but medicine. The best plan is to realize the conditions; to recognize the fact that even the spirit in this life depends upon the body, and that what is really the matter with us is not lack of faith but lack of health, and so to use the right remedies, if one can find them, and to get out into the pure air and to regain our strength. We will find that strength of faith will return

with it.
Some of this unbelief of John's may have been due not so much to depression as to disappointment. John the Baptist was a man whose life was devoted to one single purpose. His business was to prepare the way for the Messiah. That great ideal hero and deliverer, toward whose coming the and deliverer, toward whose coming the hopes of the Hebrew people had been turned for centuries, had at last come. And it was appointed to John to find him and make him known. Naturally, during these years, that he had spent solitary in the desert, he had meditated upon the character and work of the Messiah day after day. He had elaborated his ideal of the Christ. He had elaborated his ideal of the Christ, He had made up his mind what sort of a being He would be.

Had Not Reached His Ideal, And then, when the real Christ was set beside this ideal Christ of John's, John may have been disappointed. Somehow Jesus of Nazareth disappointed almost everybody's preconceived idea. The whole Jewish nation was anticipating quite another character of Christ. They were

another character of Christ. They were grievously disappointed, so much so that they rejected Jesus altogether. But it is quite possible that nobody was more disappointed than John the Baptist.

For our ideals are little more than ourselves mirrored, and bettered, and magnified. The ideal Messiah, as John had imagined him, was a great, emphasized, bettered and perfected John. John the Baptist, to take only one illustration, was preeminently the teacher of repentance. The fact in human life on which he dwelt was the fearful fact of sin. He ured all men to instant design. of sin. He urged all men to instant decis of sin. He arged all men to instant decis-ion for or against God. And to quicken that decision he preached the dreadful pen-alties of sin, taught the wrath of the right-eous God, and pictured the agonies of hell. If he could have had his way he would have turned the whole world into a great universal revival meeting. And when Jesus came, speaking quietly and gently, not making any great stir in society, preaching the gos-pel of growth, teaching the love of God, and emphasizing the fatherhood more than the judgeship of God, John was disappointed.

Why He Asked the Question. Could it be possible that Jesus of Nazar-eth was the Messiah for whose coming he had been sent to prepare the way? The question turned itself over and over in his mind there in the solitude of his prison.
"Art thou He that should come or do we look for another?"

Or perhaps John was like Judas, and was

Or perhaps John was like Judas, and was in a hurry, wanted the kingdom of God to come right off, looked every day for some sudden spectacular manifestation of the Messiahship of Jesus, and looked vainly; and so from disappointment passed to doubt. Anyway, we are most of us able to sympathize with John. A great deal of the unbelielf that we meet in the streets, and that we experience in our own hearts to-day; grows just as John's did, out of disappointment. There are thousands of people who are disappointed, may we not say, in God. They have an idea of God. God is the

superlative of which they themselves are the positive, "If I were God," they say or think, "O what a revolution I would set think, "O what a revolution I would set a going down here in this misguided world! There would be an instant end to all oppression. Whoever raised his hand to strike an unjust blow, lightning out of the clear sky should smite him. There would be a sudden ceasing of all sorrow. No more pain, no more death—all crying should be done away. All the good people should have all the good health and all the good money, while doubt should be made impossible by the writing of the creed of God in great letters of cloud and fire across the blank page of the sky."

People Generally Are Disappointed.

People Generally Are Disappointed. And because God does not do that, does not manage the affairs of the universe quite

as we would, (seeing, possibly, the reasons for things somewhat deeper and better than we do) people coming into contact with some of the more tragic phases of God's dealings with men are most grievously disap-pointed. Nobody, I think, will deny that. People are disappointed in God. And be-cause they cannot understand Him, they fall into doubt, as John did. And they wonder sometimes, if in such a mismanaged universe, as they conceive of it—there is any God at all.

But the trouble in the case of John the

Baptist was altogether with John. If John did not understand Jesus, and was disapappointed in Him, that—we see very clearly —was John's fault. And it may be our

was John's fault. And it may be our fault, also, or our ignorance, when we are in the same way disappointed in God, and fall to questioning and doubting God.

Whether the cause was depression or disappointment, John the Baptist had fallen into doubt. And somehow getting communication in his prison with some of his disciples, he sent them to Jesus asking this question about His Messiahship. And Jesus, confronted with this group of questioners and doubters, proceeded at once to answer them, not by any argument, not by any assertion, but by the witness of His works:

The Answer of Good Works. He set these men from John at His right hand and bade them look and listen; and then He went on doing what He was always

We have no greater problems in the world to-day than the problem of doubt and company of unbelievers, He told them simply to tell John what they had seen and heard; to go home and think about the actual experience of that hour with Jesus and to tell John. "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." That was the answer that Jesus gave to the representatives of

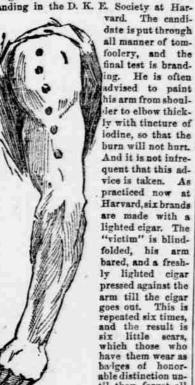
The Church of Christ stands to-day just where Christ stood. On the one hand is unbelief, and on the other is pain and poverty. Men are coming constantly with that old, crucial question: "Art thou He that should come or do we look for another?" That question touches, as I said, the very heart of Christianity. The finality of Jesus of Nazareth, the supremucy of Jesus of Nazareth, the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth -this is what men are asking about to-day. They want to know if the Christian religion is the final, the supreme, the divine religion, or shall we somewhere else look for another? What are the grounds for accepting and believing Christianity? What are the credentials of Christianity?

The Answer That Convinces. And the answer to this question, if we are to return an answer that shall be per-suasive and convincing, must be not an ar-gument, not an assertion, but such a sight as Jesus showed. Men must see our good works; then we may expect them to glorify our Divine Master, and our Father which is in heaven. The credentials of Christianity are not creeds but deeds. Wherever the Christian religion has ceased to be helpful, men have ceased to believe in it; and rightly, because there it has ceased to be Christian. But wherever Christianity has been able to bid men look, as Jesus did, and see the sorrows of the world comforted, and the wounds of the world bound up, and the

between these two great problems of our age, solved the one by solving the other. He addressed himself to the bettering and uplifting of the poor. And the blessed works that He did made all the answer that He gave, or needed to give, to the difficulties

of the doubters. GEORGE HODGES THE BRANDING AT HARVARD.

Final Test of the Candidate for Admission to the Dickey. A great deal has been said of late about branding in the D. K. E. Society at Harvard. The candidate is put through



til they forget all about them. Members of the boat crew and football team are not burned, for sometimes these burns are sore for a little while, and might interfere with training and the rough work of the football field.

There seems to be no doubt that in the last few years the process of initiation has last few years the process of initiation has

peror Augustus. It shows us that wit often succeeds were merit fails.

The poet was anxious to gain favor with the Emperor. Every morning he waited at the palace door, and as the Emperor passed out, the poet presented him with a verse or an epigram which he had composed. The Emperor accepted the poetry, but never paid the poor poet anything. Indeed, his presumption rather amused the Emperor, and being one day in a merry humor he wrote a verse himself, and handed it gravely wrote a verse himself, and handed it gravely to the poet, who waited for him as usual at

The poet, with ready wit, pulled out his purse and emptied the two or three coppers it contained into the Emperor's hand.

"Ah," he cried, "there should be more, an, he cried, there should be more, but I give you of my ability. If I were as rich as you, great Casar, I would pay a much greater price for verses."

And it is pleasant to be told that the Emperor thought the joke worth a thousand

PROSE OF ASTRONOMY.

Not Much Poetry About Watching the Moon 24 Hours at a Stretch.

THEY DO THAT AT GREENWICH.

A Good Physical Constitution Is Necessary

A CLOCK THAT REGULATES ENGLAND

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR. LONDON, Jan. 14 .- An old sailor swung open the heavy iron gate in the massive wall surrounding the Green wich observatory. noon, the huge, black ball, which is hoisted to a pole by means of electricity at stated hours every day, fell down, announcing 13 o'clock to all the vessels and small crafts on

I was then led through the well kept park with its elm and chestnut trees, some of which are old enough to have shaded the promenades of good Queen Bess, and passed a hundred feet deep, dry well with a spiral stairs leading to the bottom, which was used in former times to watch the stars during daylight. Tame fawn were playing on the lawns and approached us confidently. The observatory, a picturesque building, lay on a fir clad hill. I entered the study of the "astronomer royal." The walls and tables were covered with charts, plans, photographs of the moon, comets, etc. People generally have a very poetical idea of the study of astronomy and it surprised me not a little to find the director such a matter of fact looking man, with much resemblance to

What the Observatory Is For.

ical than in most observatories," observed my guide. "We leave the observation of telescopic circumpelar, double stars to others. We want practical results. Great Britain being the first naval power in the world, we endeavor to aid her with all the scientific knowledge which the development of navigation demands. The variety of astronomical observation has increased to such an extent that it has become necessary for most observatories to devote themselves to one or two special studies. And our ambition to occupy ourselves exclusively with determining the position of the standard stars and the planets, has gained us universal admiration."
"Do you know who founded this observ-

staff of 6 to 8 computers, a number of volunteers and other servants. One nautical almanac is always printed in advance, so

Catching a Star by Telegraph Then we entered the room of the meridian circles. One of the assistants was lying on an armchair with movable back, looking steadily into the huge telescope and now and then pressing an ivory button.

branches of astronomy which demand most elaborate calculation, fineness of instru-ment and careful observation. We pro-gress in a strictly military way. We are used to discipline like soldiers."

"Twenty-four hours."
"How?" I asked, believing I had not heard aright.
"Twenty-four hours, from 3 one morning to the same hour the following morning, and in some clear winter nights the stars

It must evidently be a very prosaic occupation. The assistant seemed to delight in my astonishment and, with the purpose of

Physical Qualities of Astron And you have no idea what physical ability is necessary for an astronomer. He needs, for instance, a mechanical instinct that can count the fractions of a second.

all manner of tomfoolery, and the
final test is branding. He is often
advised to paint
his arm from shoulder to elbow thickly with tincture of
iodine, so that the
burn will not hurt.
And it is not infrequent that this advice is taken. As
practiced now at
Harvard, six brands
are made with a
lighted eigar. The
"victim" is blindfolded, his arm
bared, and a freshly lighted cigar
pressed against the
arm till the eigar
goes out. This is
repeated six times,

needs, for instance, a mechanical instinct
that can count the fractions of a second.
We are used to such extremely strict
that can count the fractions of a second.
We are used to such extremely strict
that can count the fractions of a second.
We are used to such extremely strict
that can count the fractions of a second.
We are used to such extremely strict
watching here in Greenwich, that we ask
each other. How large is your
personal equation wishing to be
come acquainted with the rapidity
of our ocular senses, for some eyes see
of our cular senses, for some eyes see
not be equation with the may lead to be
room. It contains the mest practical inroom. It contains

Watching the Moon Foreyer. It is the most trying part of astronomical works, the observer being continually ex-posed to the glare of the moonlight, eshave them wear as | pecially on November nights, when the gusts bodges of honor-able distinction un-shiver with cold. And the argus eyes which til they forget all | watch the moon, know not a moment's rest;

Interescents to be no doubt that in the last few years the process of initiation has undergone some slight changes. Men who were at Harvard between 1870 and '80, and who were then Dickeys, say that there was never any actual burning of the arm, except by accident, and such accidents did not happen once in 50 times.

A POET SHAMES AN EMPEROS.

Quiet Wit Brought Him a Thousand Crowns

After Patient Waiting.

Harper's Young People. I

There is a story told of a poor Greek poet who lived in Rome at the time of the Emperor Augustus. It shows us that wit often succeeds were merit fails.

The poet was anxious to gain favor with the Emperor. Every morning he waited at the palace door, and as the Emperor passed out, the poet presented him with a verse or an enjoyram which he had composed. The

paper is removed.

Before shaking hands I had the opportunity of seeing the magnetical department, built entirely of wood, even to the units, and also the photographic department with its yellow windows.

G. A. T.

A Good Point of the Theaterphone, New York Times.]

The theaterphone experiment recently tried in London met with some success. It is expected that perplexed hostesses will soon be able to offer their guests at an "at home" the novelty of a theatrical perform-ance without visible actors, scenery or accessories. The general public will welcome its introduction if some of the fashionable and noisy theater parties may thus take place—outside the theater.

to the Observers.

At that same moment, as it happened to be the Thames a signal for which they keep a close lookout.

a bookkeeper.

"We here in Greenwich are less theoret-

atory?" I queried.
"Difficult to tell. Christopher Wren, the architect, suggested to Charless II. to build an observatory in Greenwich. Tha King indorsed the idea and furnished the means, selecting Flamsteed who was always propagating such institutions."
"How many employes are at work here?"
"One chief assistant, 8 assistants and a staff of to 8 computers a number of volume.

that captains going on a long voyage, can procure them beforehand.

"He telegraphs with the button to the chronographic room whenever a star appears on the point under the observation and when it has finished its transit." explained the assistant. "Here in Greenwich we pride ourselves of being the best in all the

"What hours do these watchmen keep?" was my next question.

have to be watched from 10 to 12 hours with the naked eye which is a still greater

increasing it, explained: